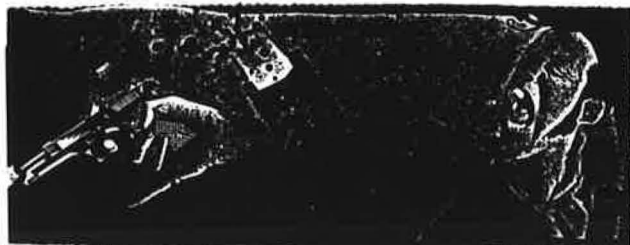




CHAZZ BOUT

\$1.00

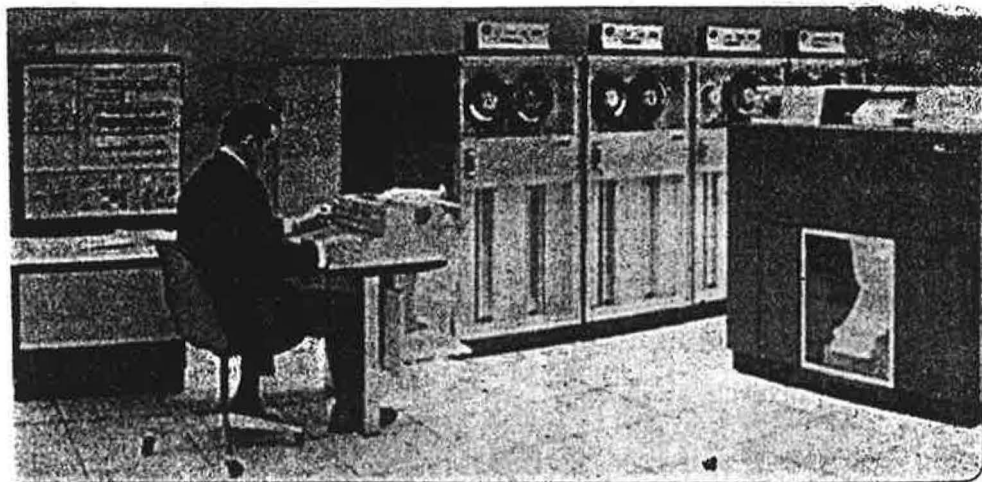
#6



Intro

What I came up with at 12:53AM, Tues-
Broken down and making do. Duct tape over disc
changers. Scruffed up and scraped up. No chrome
finish, not lilac scented, A pauper's life for me.
No luxury cars with leather seats. No state of the
art stereo set up, just a beat up radio crammed in
the back seat with the rewind button missing. flip
the tape over and fast forward. Small rooms piled
high with books and tapes, records and half finish-
ed songs. Re-shuffle papers to fool myself into
accomplishment. My peers dip into 9-5 for a season
and for thousands of dollars, while I perfect the
art of razor blades and gluesticks as life passes
me by. Summer still means something to me, other
than a change in the weather. Papers scrawled across
my bedroom floor, spend my nights punching away on
a Czechoslovakian typewriter with no parenthesis,
some Paul Simon on my record player, giggling away
at my own jokes. Here's to my last huzzah. Here's
to Shazzbutt!

Contact the corporate office of public relations at
Mark Novotny-5413 s.6th Ave./Countryside/IL/60525



~~Stuff-I-listened-to-while-making-this~~

Kid Dynamite-CD "Slander created. Ratings elevated. How do you feel? Well, I'll sell you an answer you won't believe"

Ambition Mission CD "Mass produce your values. Shrink wrapped for your protection. The revolution comes in small, medium, or large"

Despair-Pattern Life CD "Your image means nothing!!"

Jud Jud-No tolerance for instruments 7" "Jud Jud Jud Jud Jud Jud Jud Jud Jud"

Bryan Adams-Reckless I2-"Standing on your mama's you told me it would last forever. As you held my hand I knew that it ~~was~~ was now or never. Those were the best days of my life"

Weezer-Pinkerton

"I wonder what clothes you wear to school, I wonder how you decorate your room, I wonder how you touch yourself and curse myself for being across the sea"

Creedence Clearwater Revival-I2"

Dinosaur Victrola, listening to Buck Owens doo, doo, doo, looking out my back door"

Rates

10 bucks-Full page

5 for Half

Thanks-to-you

Liam, Mike at Quincy Shanks, Dischord, John FinaId Ray, Matt L., Dave Koslick, My new band mates: Mike and Jason, everyone whose ever written me a letter, Fudgesic Kill Rec, Craig/those stamps of birdies and flowers in heart shapes were so very/Sinister, and Jerkin Durkin.



Ready to serve >> FNB member Mark Nodoby uses his car to bring most of the food FNB uses to make its vegetarian meals. You can spend so much on a B-2 bomber, but that money can feed so many people.



Mail

MORE CLOGS THAN THE TOILET AT A BUFFET RESTAURANT

Mark-

I read about Shazzbutt! in the new S and L. I'm a total sucker for travel stories so you gotta send me a copy of no. 4. I'm leaving in 5 weeks to travel up the West Coast to meet up w/ some friends in Seattle. From there we were going to hit up Canada, so I'm really stoked. Maybe if I ever get a chance I'll put out a zine with my stories and sell it to every Black Clad crusty inna america and make a million dollars! Hell yeah! well take care and travel safe. I look forward to hearing from you.

Chad

-Chad, I can tell you're a lot like me, Amateur traveler, part time writer and full time dreamer. I wish I could come with you. Seattle in the summer is gorgeous, just gorgeous. We could spend our days in cafes and our nights making the scene at nightclubs and discotheques. We could wear matching berrets! Along the way, we could adopt a scrappy lil' scottish terrior and call him Pepper. We'd be best friends and really get to know one another. I bet you have some exotic talents, like Clog Dancing, that you keep hidden. With your know how and my natural sense of ~~high~~ rhythm, we could turn the Clog world on it's head with our revolutionary manuevers. I'm sure some traditionalists



was his gimmick or something and since the kids had nothing better going, so they would. So I was up there, head down in prayer, when someone tapped me and said "I think your hairs on fire" I smelled the distinct odor of burnt hair caused from my bangs being directly over a candle. I nervously patted it out. The whole congregation watched this spazz of a kid with his hair on fire keep smacking himself in the head. No doubt my finest hour. After telling this story, I non-chauntly like to add that I am now an atheist-Mark!

KING OF FRANCE MICROWAVES OWN SOUP

Dear Mr. Shazz,
hello! i got your issue no. 4-just got it cause i've been in france for a while-and so in return here's Cryptic Slaughter no. 16. i really liked your zine. it was really funny and interesting, some parts were hard to follow though. And I would recommend to proofread!!! BUT! i loved your zine and the layout, etc. is superb! it's cool that you came up this way. My favorite story was the trainhopping one. It had drama...humor...intrigue. romance...well, it was great, "the robot" picture was pure comedy. so the zine will be reviewed in no. 17! it's a good review/well as good as ever. depressed me can get/ and with that i bid thee-- au revoir-- send me your next one o.k. take care -giovanni!

Dear Gio, did you enjoy that fine French cuisine? Do you know who you have to thank for that? That's right...Liberty! After the French Revolution, the nobility was overthrown and their servants and personal chiefs were out of a job. They went into business for themselves and the restaurant industry has been booming since. Not everyone liked the change though, one plucky ~~skunk~~ chef didn't want to cook for the rabble. His food preparation demanded the well trained tongue only a leader could possess. So he traveled to the orient. He knew if he wanted a job as head chef for the Emperor of Japan he would have to develop an exquisite dish as his resume. He declared the impossible, he would cook skunk! News spread like wildfire through the culinary circles. Was skunk an acquired taste? How would he get the smell out of the meat? The chef worked day and night combining spices for 2 weeks til he had perfected the meal. At the night of the big dinner, everyone held their breath as the emperor cut and chewed a piece. "Blah!" he spit it out. It wasn't skunk it was just a black cat that accidentally got a stripe of white paint down its back. The emperor banished the chef and that's how the Japanese started eating dog. -Mark

He Who Corrupts ↓





by Matt Hawk (some no good punk)

One of the great crusades of punk rock has always been the struggle against racism. From the fourteen year-old-skater-kiddies in their "Ska against Racism" shirts, to all the kids with anti-swastika patches, anti-racism has been a good cause to uphold. Hopefully everyone with a head on their shoulders in today's society would realize that racism is an unfounded, incredibly stupid bias, but as we all have seen, some people just don't get it. The problem is this: most people do not know where the institution of racism has come from; instead, most people (punks too) regard it as something that has always been present and (hopefully) has always been struggled against. Well, the answer is this. Institutionalized, broad-based racism has not always been a way of life in good ol' Amerikkka. True, it goes back hundreds of years in this country, but it has NOT always existed. It all stems back to one thing, deep into the past. For those of you with a capitalist mind, you already know the answer. One thing, one tiny insignificant driving force of society has created hundreds of years of oppression, murder, and inexcusable hatred. If you haven't already guessed it, or you haven't read Zinn, here it goes. The one thing responsible for this still horribly visible problem is....MONEY.

Yup, that's it. Money. Something we all (as punks) don't have, and we don't need. Pieces of paper are the cause for racism. Profit is the cause for it. Greed and materialism have caused all racial hatred from the 1600's on. If you don't believe me, here's the story.

By 1619, over a million black slaves had been brought over to North America to compensate for the labor shortage on the plantations of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Tobacco (mmmm...) was the new cash crop, and the pool of manpower was depleted in these areas. Powerful landowners who (as they always have and still do today, in the form of corporations-Philip Morris?) controlled most of the legislature and wealth of the colonies, needed labor to increase their profits. The flow of dirt poor, white indentured servants, (essentially white slaves for a certain number of years-they were bought and sold just like slaves) from England had slowed to a trickle. The horrible death

rates and conditions to and in the New World caused this, and the landowners needed someone to work their farms. Native Americans were not the answer; despite of all the Englishmen's attempts, the North American Natives would not be subjugated by the supposedly "civilized" whites from Europe. Ooops, who'd of thought they wouldn't want to be slaves? Anyways, the practice of slavery had existed in Africa for centuries, and the Portuguese were beginning to take part in this lucrative trade. African slaves were prisoners of war, who, captured by other Africans were forced into domestic service by their captors (often for a fixed period of time-and their offspring were not born into bondage). Well, after the Portuguese began buying slaves for guns and other items, the English landowners began importing them into N. America for labor on their tobacco farms (it almost makes me want to quit smoking-almost). So where does the racism begin? Well, apart from being slaves (which is racist enough), there were really no color lines between the poor whites and the blacks. It is hard for us to comprehend, in a day and age only thirty-five years after the civil rights movements (which still are not over)-in a society where everything is black and white. The fact of the matter is, most of these white servants had never seen a black man before, and in my opinion, they reacted better than most people do today. Essentially, the whites and blacks shared the same awful conditions and hardships of everyday life, and as a result, began to bond. They both hated their white masters, they hated the rich, and they didn't like the fact that they were getting royally dicked by a few guys who controlled all the wealth and power.

So here's what happened. In 1676, a rebellion (Bacon's Rebellion), whose army was made up of black slaves and indentured whites (the first integrated army) took up arms and began to make trouble for the landowners that controlled them. This rebellion was crushed without mercy, and quickly ended, but the implications of it are astonishing. The landowners and masters; those who held the wealth, were terrified. They were grossly outnumbered by the slaves and servants, (there were millions of slaves and white servants and only a few thousand landowners) and if a rebellion of considerable might ever took hold among the populace, they would be destroyed. If the blacks and whites got together and actually had an effective revolution, all the material wealth (not to mention the lives) of the ruling aristocrats would be lost. This even had implications in Europe also. If the poor oppressed in Europe were even given an inkling of hope that they, too, could overthrow the aristocracy and gain a measure of freedom, Europe would be thrown into chaos. The pursuit for power and wealth by the upper classes motivated them to think about a solution to these "problems". They were terrified for themselves and their positions. The answer to this was racism, pure and simple. The landowners wanted to create a buffer between themselves and civil unrest, and to do so they enacted a few measures. First of all, they gave amnesty to all the whites that took part in Bacon's Rebellion, but not the blacks (they were all hanged). They passed laws that gave servants and poor white freemen more rights to property and ownership. They effectively eliminated the fraternization of whites and blacks by giving the poor whites a new social standing. In the eyes of the landowners, the poor were still shit, but now they were bonded by their skin color. This created a feeling of superiority among the whites, and

encouraged them to look down upon the black slaves. In reality though, the laws passed really didn't give the whites very much power-just the illusion of it. Edmund Morgan wrote, "The answer to the problem, obvious if unspoken and only gradually recognized, was racism, to separate dangerous free whites from dangerous black slaves by a screen of racial hatred." Holy fucking shit!!! Racism then, is a tool used by the upper class to hold on to their seat of power, and to give them a chance to keep their wealth and their status. But do you see what has happened? Because of very vague, short sighted laws that were passed in the 1720's, racism took hold to become the force we knew that murdered and enslaved an entire race of people. It was so well accepted, and so many people were eager to believe it, that almost 300 years later, we still have racially motivated crimes, biases in the job field, and white power groups promoting the supremacy of the white race. Supremacy? I don't think so. If whites in the 16 and 1700's were so easily duped, one would think that we would grow out of it. But of course not. If these white power groups that are so fucking smart realized that the view they were championing was a direct result of the rich wanting to make a buck (or a pound at the time), hopefully, they would rethink their backward-ass views. But I doubt it. The actions of a few men hundreds of years ago has become so ingrained into society that it might take another 100 to smooth out. Hopefully, we'll all see some progress in our lives, but all we can do is keep fighting and hoping, and talking. If everyone knew that an entire belief system was based off of the pursuit of money, most people would realize that racism is exceedingly trivial. So keep wearing your "Ska against Racism" shirts, and brandish your anti-swastikas and next time you run into some racist fuck, make sure to tell him or her why they're racist-so some dead guy could keep his black AND white slaves in check. That ought to burst their bubble.

Read this or I kill you:

Zinn, Howard. A People's History of the United States, 1492-Present.

Harper Perennial N.Y. N.Y.

Copywrite, 1985.



Zines



DIY How to Guide

half sized, 48pages, send postage
/c/o CrimethInc. 2695 Rangewood Dr
Atlanta, GA 30345/

A helpful guide to wheatpasting,
silk screening, copy scams, herbal
remedies, touring, guitar intonat-
ion, putting out records, and pira-
radio. Very Useful, I'm glad someone
collected all this stuff in a sin-
gle zine.

Underdog no. 31/Greenleaf Rebellion no. 1

8.5x11, 48pages, Free in Chicago, 2 bucks elsewhere
/1513 N. Western Ave. Chicago, IL 60622-1747/
Underdog is the longest running Chicago zine. It's
done by punks, but not necessary about punk/though
you do get all the local info in the leave all
deliveries.. section/ Which leaves a slew of contri-
butors writing about anything under the sun. Usu-
ally personal stuff and a piece of history from the
Windy City. I always find something enjoyable, but
it has been slipping in the recent years. Greenlea-
R bellion is in the first issue stage. You get a sh-
ort bit of writing, band obituaries, some fiction.
It's got a heck of a neat layout, so it's great
just to look at. Although it feels like it should
be half sized. It was a bit short, I'd like to
see more.

War Against the Idiots no. 19

half sized, 44pages, One Dollar
/1731 Cleveland St. Evanston, IL 60202/

So Liam brings us another fine issue. This zine has
been referred to as the Chicago Cometbus. I'd say
the writing shows he's a fan, but not a ripoff. It's
a voice of a grumpy, old man in his punk youth,
living in a string of shitty apartments, drinking
on the railroad tracks and so on. It can come off
as too pessimistic, sometimes, but that's my only
complaint. The contributions are always pretty good



MYTHS AND LEGENDS Before the days
of science people in many different parts
of the world made up stories to explain
the world as they saw it.

half sized, 24pages.

How lazy do you have to be to not think of a name after 2

Mike brings some fiction and

icicles and train rides and the

snippets of song lyrics. Not

It reminds me of phrases that I write down in a little notebook, waiting to be worked into something.

ing later. A little more work could be put into this to polish up the rough edges. I think they were listening to minimalist composers during the layout stage.

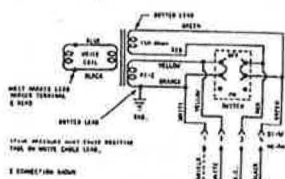


Figure 4 – Wiring Diagram

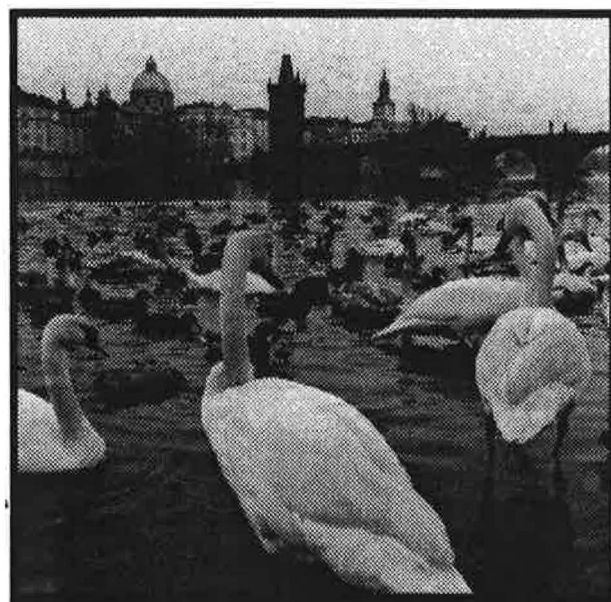
8.5xII, 40pages, Free

/403I Forest Ave. Western Springs
IL, 60558/

done by Bill "the dink" Denker. I used to refer to it as the Donny and Marie of Chicago punk zines. Just an interview zine, basically, all fluff though. Not very entertaining, but used to promote bands. To give you a taste of what I mean, the ~~the~~ reviews on the old web site would take you to Amazon.com. It's the inconsistencies that bug me the most, like he wrote ~~the~~ a review saying he ~~a~~ never liked Fifteen and then interviewed them the next issue saying they were great, a few issues later, another insulting review. One issue he write rants on emo and hardcore, the next his nose is halfway in said band's ass. The articles are always bland and worthless filler with the exception of some guest columns in past issues/Dunkin, Pete O, Brendan

Kelly/was that pubic hair in the layout? It looks like the rim of a toilet// I despise zines like this, like a blind man hates a wall of knives. I will give the Dink some credit, that it's free and it's consistent.

The Sound Interrupt no. 6
 half sized, 28 pages, one dollar
 /I96 Fairfield Elmhurst, IL 60126/
 You have to wonder about a guy who puts little kids on the cover of every issue and then writes about his pension for sexual perversion. Durkin has quite a zine here. He downplays its importance, but it does a great job covering the local scene. Sure, some of the columns are a waste of time but generally Durkin's writing is top notch all the way through from the photogallery with titles to the same retarded review writing disease that I suffer from as well. Zines like this are only as interesting as the people who do them, now only if he could keep his mouth shut about urine drinking and strippers.



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- 121. BLUETIP 'Polymer' * (C)
- 120. FUGAZI 'Instrument' soundtrack - 18 songs ** (C)
- 118. ONE LAST WISH 12 songs from 1986, CD, never released. (D)
- 117. LUNGFISH 'The Unanimous Hour' * (C)
- 80. FUGAZI 'Instrument' - a 80 min video by Jani Culan and Fugazi 115 min. Available in VHS & DVD. (F)
- 116. BLUETIP 'Join Us' * (C)
- 115. LUNGFISH 'Artificial Horizon' * (C)
- 113. MAKE-UP 'In Mass Mind' * (C)
- 112. SMART WENT CRAZY 'Con Art' * (C)
- 110. FUGAZI 'End Hits' ** (C)
- 109. HAPPY GO LICKY 21 live songs, 87 min. (E)
- 40. MINOR THREAT CD has every song! (E)
- 14. DISCHORD 1981 'Twelve, Four Three Six, Six', 'South Bridge' (D)

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(F)	Video	18.00	20.00	23.00

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QANDNOTU

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Destroyed From the Get Go

Let me begin by saying it's a rough business, half the time, it's surveillance work, a wife suspected of cheating or something like that. That's standard PI stuff, but when you get a rep of taking on other jobs, the trouble finds you. I've seen a lot of stuff go down. On more than one occasion I saw a guy's head knocked ~~in~~ plum to squash. I've seen lives go to shit. The ones that pull on the heart strings are the worst. They're the ones that find you in the middle of the night. It's like their misery lives on through me. It's the scars you don't see that'll get you. I remember this one kid, that was the worst one. You know that saying-Love is like setting yourself on fire and hoping you don't get burned? Well, this kid reeked of gasoline since he first stepped into the offices. I've had other jobs that were real ball breakers and ones that had me doubled over with some broken ribs at the end. But this one went of tighter than a monkey's smile. It was just a simple delivery and keeping my mouth shut. So, the story goes, this wreck of a kid comes in. He's in terrible shape, just terrible. Anyway, he's just to pieces, but he's got this direction that was like, um... pure, ya know. He was so sure of what he wanted done and he had the 20 grand to back it up. I knew something had to be crooked. I mean, nothing I can't handle. I sleep with a .32 in my pocket, a razor in my shoe and both eyes open. Still, that's too much dough to let slide by. He gives me two addresses, one ~~to~~ to pick up the package and the other the delivery. Turns out what happened is he was all hung up over a dame. Same OL story since day one. What I make of it is these two were high school sweethearts, both kind of wallflowers. When

I went to the kid's motel room, I came across some photos of her. She was a sweet looking kid, real innocent like. I figger wher to be a year older, so she comes down here to New Orleans for schhol and boom, she falls in with a bunch of good time charlies. She falls in deep, hard drugs, starts stripping, maybe turning tricks. Sometimes its bound to happen. Pretty regularly, these suburban sheltered kids are away from their parents, their home. The old life gets left behind, they don't know moderation. Usually cats just can't hold the dfinks for four years vacation. The complete ~~RR~~ turn arounds are a shock to everyone. No one know why people change, they just do. Between when she left and the year during, the kid was bustin his ass for the 20 grand to go to school with his bab doll. She ~~h~~ put the kibash on his deal. Tore the poor son of a bitch up. I remember when I went to the hotel room, stunk to high heaven. Room was spotless. It looked like he had been holed up in the closet for the week. The bed was never slept in, just photos of the broad arranged on it. Misery hung in the air. He was in a chair in the mid middle with the bills by his feet with a note. He'd 86d himself, but I figured as much. Chest cu up something awful. I was supposed to finish the job. So I cracked a few ribs, pulled out the hear dipped it into the jar of gasoline he'd left and put it in the box and took it to the skirt. with the note. It read:

-So I finally made it out here. We talked so long about it before you left, both your body and im your head. God, I want to just skip the formalities and scream What the fuck happened to you? at the top of my lungs. But I'm so tired of all this. Really, what happened? I have no fucken clue. I haven't stopped shaking for a week. Whom are you? I used to now. because you were me. Before you left we were the same, a single being. When I thought I thought like you were there. ~~W~~ When you decided to destroy yourself, you destroyed ~~me~~ us. ~~Now~~ which means you destroyed me. Half my mind is gone. I don't know how to live anymore, literally, I cant even figure out how to get a glass of water anymore. Everything but what you did is black. So now as you read this, I lay

heartless across town. Didn't you ever know I'd do it all for you? You did, but stopped to care. I'd throw myself to your feet. My everything was yours. You'd never write back, you never called. I'd light myself on fire for you, but now you never stop to notice. I'm burning up inside, and you want to water it all down. Why did you numb yourself? ~~Wall~~ ~~Wall~~ ~~Wall~~ we had was all we needed. So, grant me this one last wish. Burn my devotion clean. You don't want anything to remain, so I don't either. Incinerate this burning heart. Withit everything will be gone. All I felt for you. All the notebooks professing my love. All the shirts ruined from the salt of my tears running down my cheeks to their collars. Burn it clean, so only the ashes remain. You loved me and ~~thereonly way~~ I can't say the same til I'm gone cause I know I will til my dying ~~bre~~ breath. I've been dead for months. ~~Th~~ This will be the end.

That's the part I get hung up on. The thing is I could see a lot of me when I was younger in this kid. Maybe that's why I can't shake it. Back when I was bird dogging chicks in my day, I just as easily could've got caught up in five feet of heaven and a ponytail. Teenagers are so fanatical at that time. His girl, after I dropped off the package, popped herself full of pills and smashed her skull to the toilet, flooding the place. It tears me up though. I should have told the kid, "see here, this one broke ya, but you'll be tom catting around with a new dame like it was nothing" I could've steered him ~~clear~~ clear. No sense ripping yourself apart, Romeo and Juliet was a play, see? But now I'm stuck dropping shots and choking on remorse. Cripes, listen to me, I'm getting all weepy. That note does it every time. It's like when I was a kid going up to visit my cousin's in Boston and coming back with the accent.



BACKISSUESBACKISSUESBACKISSUESBACKISSUESBACKISSUES

Midwest Represent: video comp benefitting Food Not Bombs-Chicago, 89 minutes of Oblivion, Ambition Mission, Mushuganas, Lynyrd's Innerds, Dillinger 4, Operation:Cliff Clavin, Honor System, La Mantra de Fhiq ria, Hook, VD, KungFu Rick and Burn It Down-----only 8 dollars

Issue 1 Winepress, Celebrity Gossip, Zapatistas

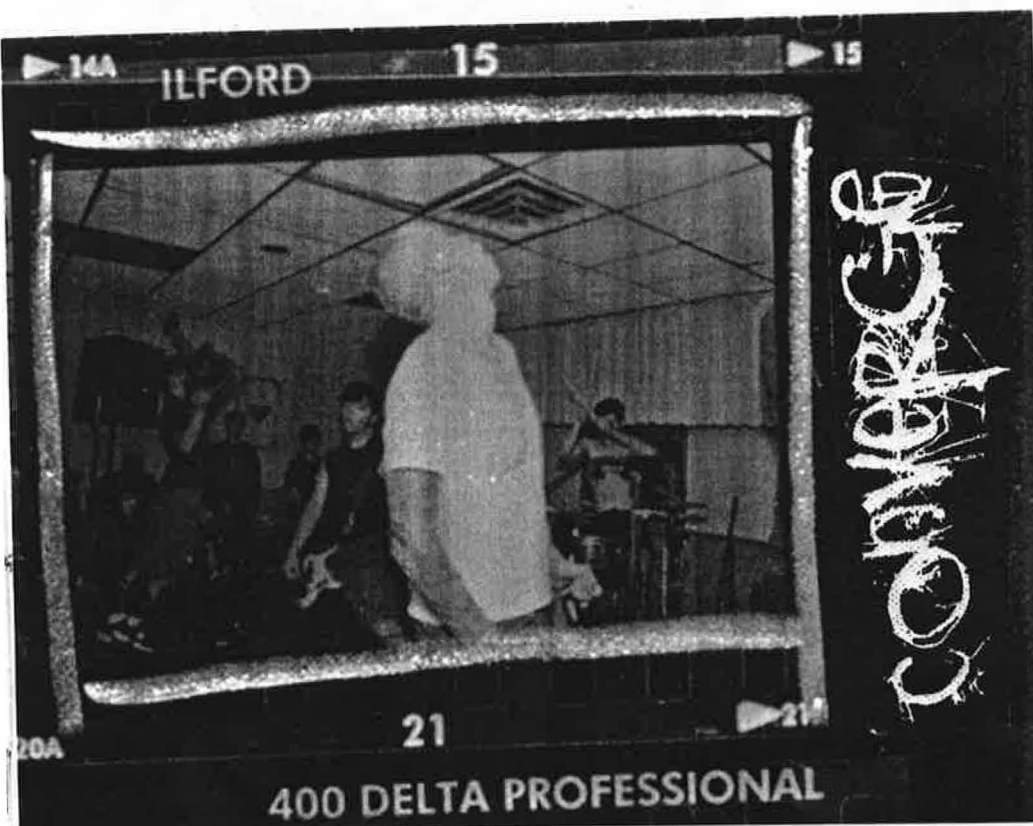
Issue 2 KungFU Rick, Cereal Analysis, UN's forgotten objections, Trail of Tears

Issue 3 Ed Templeton interview, secret Milpool files, Cortez and the Aztecs-----I dollar each

:Issue 4- Three Travel issue, Osiris Demo

Issue 5 Dillinger Four, School of the Americas, photo of ALF, organic farming

✓Dig this jack, a ten spot gets you everything on the page. That's right sucka-



Propagandhi





Records

13

Ambition Mission

ILFORD

400 DELTA PROFESSIONAL

CD

Man, this was hard to get a hold of. I got a tape of a tape. I guess you could check their web site and electronically mail them for a copy. I heard they just burned a few copies to sell at their last shows. I wish that they would have done more so that this band wouldn't be forgotten. One of Chicago's best offerings in recent years, Ambition Mission is a cross between ex-members of Rustweiler and the Mushuganas and it sounds like it. This CD is them at their finest hour. It's pop punk that comes off as refreshing and original, that's way rockin' and has plenty of frills in it.

Male and female vocals with lyrics that are actually smart and make a point.

Atom and his Package

Redefining Music CD

Hopeless Records

16

▶ 16A

17

▶ 17A

18

This should be called Atom and his package and a guitar and a drum kit and lots of backup vocals and probably a bunch more stuff. This record is more of a serious attempt than the past albums. There's actually a good recording. But it's not retarded Sesame street music anymore. Sure they were novelty songs, but they were fuckin good. That line about Assuck playing the senior prom never got old. That kind of song craftsmanship and humor is missing from the album. It's still good, but it doesn't hold up to his older stuff.

Audience of the End 7"

Killing Room Floor Record Industries

(914 N. Richmond Chicago, IL 60622)

2 of the songs of this 7" are from their demo tape, which I liked better cause they were done faster, but on the flip side they are recorded better. The new song introduces an international flavor with an intro that conquers up images of the Orient. AOTE plays a style of midwest hardcore with slowed down guitar plucking solos before breaking into thrash parts. Song topics range from forgiveness, consumerism, and Hiroshima(which is great, I suggest reading the excellent book, Hibakusha). The layout is way neat-o too, and it comes in two different covers.

Biscayne

tape

Quincy Shanks

This CD is an austere beauty, a record of such graceful hill country minimalism-sturdy acoustic picking, whispered rhythm, tart electric and pedal steel guitar-that you can hear every ounce of sorrow and steel in the singer's strong, direct voice against Jon Graboff's mandolin tears...I'm just fucking with you. I stole that from a review in Rolling Stone. Goddamn college kids and their theasaruses. Actually, Biscayne is from the Fat Wreck/Honest Don school of punk. I wasn't too impressed, plus they take a crack at the Broadways and Food Not Bombs, which is definitely a no no with me.

400 DELTA PROFESSIONAL

1 3 1 8

4-Squares

CD

Quincy Shanks

The 4 Squares have been around for a while, I think I first heard them on that 7" comp, From Fox Valley to the Northside, I dug their song. But, this CD doesn't do me right. It's just simple punk with gruff Raspy vocals. You know the sound, it usually plays second at a show. Maybe you nod you're head but it's soon forgotten. They're a dime a dozen. People seem to dig them, but they never did much for me. I think Quincy Punk or FYP, when it comes to these bands. I don't know they're just not my cup of tea.



Propagandhi

HeWhoCorrupts/Tusk 7"
HeWhoCorrupts records
(196 Fairfield Elmhurst, IL 60126)

I've taken to wearing an ascot around the house. It boads well with my smoking jacket. I remember one particular evening I was feeling quite stunning, when lo and behold, the young gentleman, Ryan Durkin came rapping on my door. He had with him a box of wine and his new record. As he toyed with the hi fi, I poured the wine down the sink, it was a Canadian zinfandel or something dreadful like that. Later, while he was giving me a handjob, he asked me what I thought of his new record "Grindcore meets Power Violence meets non stop thrash attack, Brutal, just brutal stuff, now don't stop the music, darling" The Tusk is on the side, maybe if they offer up a little tail, I'll tell you what they sound like.

Off Yourself
CD

Fudge Sickill Records
(444 s. Illinois, Villa Park, IL 60181)

Hold the phone, a pop punk band covers The Cars' Just What I Needed? What's next, a rap song about a woman's backside? Off Yourself is a very high school pop punk band. The first song was very Lynyrd's Innards inspired, but they cover a lot of different styles all in the vein of pop punk. The lyrics are just kind of throw away, it's nothing new. I don't know, this stuff just doesn't interest me.

Over and Over
5 song CD

I was roomed with the dead man in Yossarian's tent this semester. He only left behind a datebook and mattress with a 3 by 3 foot stain. The outer ring was yellow indicating urine, but it was mixed in with a rusty colored core. The singer of Over and Over, Ed(Who joined the band after this demo CD was recorded), had his appendix burst and had lost 8 pounds when he had it taken out. When he got out of the hospital, we called him up to my room. We figured while he was at his weakest it would be the best time to ambush him. As he was coming up the stairs we dropped the mattress on him. We caught him good, but coming up behind him was the director of the dorms. She demanded to know what room I was in. 378, I told her, which was actually the meathead jocks across the hall. After

she left we placed it in the door way and did cartwheels into it, crashing into the hallway. Oh wait, I think there's a review in here somewhere. Any how, I went to see these guys live and they were really sluggish. Ed was tired and woozy on anti-botics and it was a Sunday show. They sound better on this CD. It's hardcore that's fast, heavy, and progressive. They should lose the melodic parts and cut down on the trade off vocals that seem to carry a bit too long. In the future I'd keep an eye out for them and soiled mattresses falling from the heavens.

xStrength in Numbersx

by

I wish I could come up with
snappy titles like Durkin

ROM
tape

Quincy Shanks

Oh, this is one of those we try to be weird bands.

With this, I like only ceratin parts, a guitar riff or drum pattern here and there. The parts are better than the whole. I'd say they're a lesser Mr.

Bungle. Also they have a song called Donkey

Punch, which is a sexual practice. When engaging in anal sex before the giver orgasms they punch the receiver in the back of the neck so they tense up.

There used to be a rap song called the Donkey Fuck, which had a weird juxtaposition of said act and a variety of foods. The lyrics went something like (probably aren't right since, someone told me about



the song 3 years ago, but they are semi-close)"Like white on Rice/ I'm on your ass

like lice" and "Add some Ketchup/ Punch you in the neck and your butt muscles clench up"

Stand Up Strait

It's all right now CD

Highland Road Records

(Stand Up Strait PO Box 0331 Palatine, IL 60078)



Hey did anyone see that Onion where the headline was 'Ska Band Outnumbers Crowd'. 9 members, ouch! So a local ska band nowadays sticks out like that kid in grade school with his pants down to his ankles at the urinal. People tend to look the other way at that wagging bare ass and on their ska past. Which means that either these guys in this band are white capped Frat Boys that missed the boat or sincere kids who really dig this music despite the popular trends that exist in the scene. Since Me and the Bass player have smashed into shopping carts at the expense of his headlight, I'll give them the benefit of the latter. So this is a very good third wave ska band that probably would have been quite popular back in the day. They could hold their own with Jump Up bands that played the metro (the kind whose horn players stood around looking bored and smoked in the middle of songs). This is a good CD and has solid songs. 2 problems, however. 1. They came around too late and 2. They spelled straight wrong in the title.

Tric

CD

Quincy Shanks

When this came out more than a year ago, I was so jazzed I ran out and bought a copy. It's a little odd that I got this to review, but I don't mind singing it's praises. The CD their two 7"s and the 3rd one that I believe never got released as well as all their odds and ends tracks. Everything they ever recorded, plus a live show at the end fills out the full 74 minutes. You definitely get your money's worth. Musically they get compared to Crimpshrine and Jawbreaker with a definite Chicago sound. Tricky Dick was a precursor to the almighty Broadways and the songs sound like faster with sloppier vocals. Good stuff all the way around.

V/A

Chicago: Rise from the Ashes CD

Sinister label

(PO Box 1178 La Grange Park, IL 60526)

This reminds me of Underdog's Achtung comps of days past, it showcases the sound coming out of Chicago at this time. You get all unreleased songs from Chicago's in bands. There's a lot of different styles on this CD and it flows well. Bands include Lando's 43(ex-Bollweevils), John Brown Battery(gruff emo, think sensitive lumberjacks) Sig Transit Gloria(keyboard pop), KungFu Rick(putting the Ow in Power Violence), Arma Angelus (progressive hardcore), Frontside(Chugga from the 708), Authority Abuse(best song on here), Tail of Benji(smoking Bongs, Playing Chess), xStrength in Numbersx(Youth Crew stuff), Rules of Attraction(Chicago's answer to Naked Raygun, oh, wait), Mexican Cheerleader(ex-Oblivion), and Rocks Pennyar(Bring back the Klopecs), etc. 18 songs in all.

V/A

Quincy Shanks Sampler 3 CD

Quincy Shanks

(PO Box 3035 St. Charles, IL 60174)

Mostly stuff from the Bollweevill era and some updated stuff. You get 4 squares, Biscayne, Rom, there is no shining heart, etc. My favorites were Tricky Dick, The Hitmen, and Finway Fish Camp. If you're even halfway interested in any of the bands, send them postage and they'll send you a CD. Bingo, Bango.

ILFORD

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400 DELTA PROFESSIONAL

Frontside



HeWhoCorrupts



Seeing as though I'm ~~was~~ really into bikes, I thought I'd write a little about it. No, I'm not one of those fuckers who drops a couple grand on a Gary Fisher. But I do have 2, a Schwinn Typhoon from the 60s

and a dirt bike with no brakes that I use to ride around crashing into ~~people~~ leave piles in front of people's houses. But there's nothing like riding around under the neon glow of the deserted streets of your hometown at 2am. The streets are as open as the sky and you start to wonder why they need that much concrete for only an hour or so a day.

I've decided to start my one man revolution. My solo critical mass bike ride went well. I was ~~on~~ out peddling like crazy, singing Broadway songs, all out of breath and broken up verses. I made a stop at the Amaco/McDonalds conglomeration to throw up some Free Mumia stickers before heading over to the Starbucks and urinating all over their door. Let those yuppie assholes ~~hang~~ sit outside and enjoy the stench of urine with their overpriced coffee. I expect for the corporation to come crashing down any day now. Maybe it'll take a few more trips.

I hope to make the police blotter someday. Funny one man gang hassles shopkeepers I imagine the headline will say.

My car is a cell, I can't stand to be in it anymore. I think it's slowly killing me. Instead of learning the ins and outs and secret short cuts of neighborhoods, I sit there with a sore ass and the same spaced out look as the person in the next car and the next car and the next car. And for every moron who honks and for every big gust of exhaust, I ~~excuse~~ excuse myself for letting my bicycle stay in the garage all those years. So I went down to Critical Mass in

Chicago. /Every last friday of the month, 6:30 at the Picasso/. There was just something awe inspiring about ~~#2~~ lanes of bicyclists taking up 3 blocks for a couple of hours. Or even more so, the 300 people shouting "Let Him GO" as the police played their ~~same~~ stupid games of arresting one person to make a point to everyone else.

It should be noted that while waiting for the ride to begin, a taxi ran into a building. Right into a Harris bank, which was the first floor of a church building/It's foundation if you will, hm?/ Not ten minutes later, a taxi got pinned between a firetruck and the stairs to the el. I guess ~~he~~ the driver was okay, but he was bleeding from the head. It should be noted during the ride, no one bled~~x~~, there were no crashes, and no one swore at someone else for cutting them off. How's that for a point?

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Kungfu Rick - TR split 7" / bands and labels get in contact

"Get your BMX bikes out of big
business & in the streets where
they belong" - The Bouncing Souls

guide to better living

-How to Rid your Home of Squirrels-

Every so often while working on this issue, I'd have to stop, get on a chair and pound on the ceiling to try to scare away the squirrels. See, they've made their way into the attic. It's not the first time, they're always up there, probably pooping and fornicating and playing their little reindeer games. They got in through a decaying hole about as wide as a thumb, on the underside of the gutters. Once one of them made it through the trap door and into the house. I awoke to what sounded like a bird slamming into a window while screeching. When I went downstairs, I saw a squirrel in my living room ripping the place up.

Lesson One: Squirrels make the most fucked up noises. He was breaking and entering, which is against the law, so I called the police. Turns out the village offered a service, the Critter Detectives/Detectives? There was no mystery. Did I

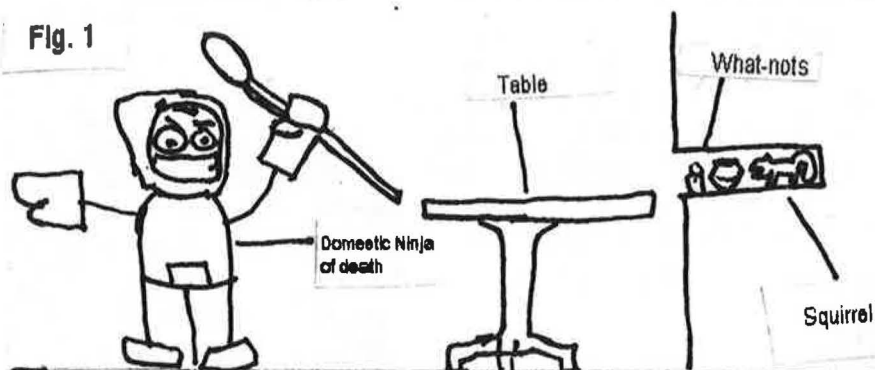
need someone in a double sided hat and magnifying glass to tell me there was a wild animal in my house? On a side note, My friend Ray/who did the cover/ suggested the superior name of Critter Getters/which they said was free, but it turned out it was 70 dollars and 30 more if they ~~needed~~ needed to use a trap. I knew I had to get back to my DIY roots and solve this problem myself, so I went upstairs and put on my pants.

Lesson Two: Don't use the following plan. I proceeded to close all the upstairs and downstairs doors. It could only run around the living room and the kitchen. I then opened the outside doors in each room and placing a delicious piece of bread in the doorway/and eating some myself seeing as though I hadn't had breakfast yet/. Step 2 was throwing shoes at the squirrel. At one point while getting more shoes, I saw a squirrel eating the bread. I chased him out, but realized it was a 2nd squirrel I had almost lured into the house as well. The OG squirrel had hidden in a cabinet/see Figure

I/ with serveral of my mothers porcelain figures, cups, and the like.

Lesson Three: Tools make you feel more professional. I've watched enough Real TV episodes, where a kanga-roo gets trapped in the suburbs, to know how to

Fig. 1



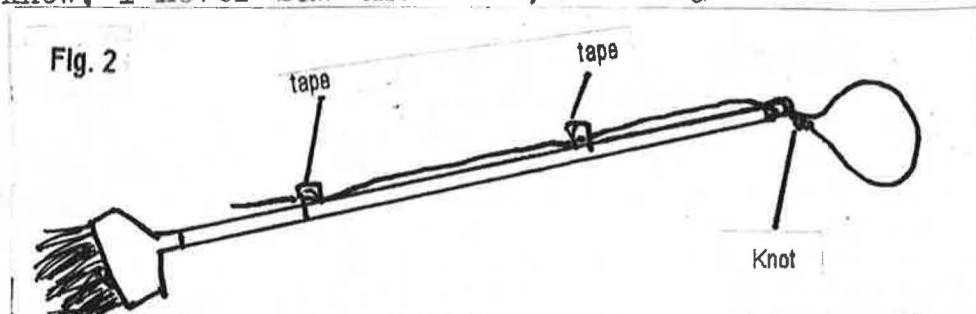
handle a situation like this, but I have yet to become a certified animal retainer. Thank you very much bureacratic goverment regulations. Using a broom, duct tape, and shoelaces/Yes, I felt like McGuyver/I created one of those sticks with the loops on the end/I believe that is the technical term/ and when you pull the string the loop tightens/seeFigure2/. I learned the helpful skill of knot tying in the Rock Climbing unit in Gym class. Although I could not see it, I was hoping to have it crawl in the loop, then tighten and take him back to nature, after a stern lecture on respecting other's personal space.

After about 45 minutes I gave up. I toyed with the idea of a knife on a stick and taking it out siskabob style, but that would have been cruel and messy. Instead I became frustrated and resorted to constantly poking him as he made purring sounds/refer back to lesson one/

Lesson Four: Always wear proper clothing while handling wild animals. I went upstairs and put on an extra shirt, a hoodie, a hat, 2 oven mitts, and a shirt across my face. I had become the domestic ninja and had formulated a new plan/after much hand wringing and maniacal laughter/ I decided I would just grab the squirrel and chuck it out the door. The Simple approach. I mean I was 20 times bigger than this thing. It was probably more scared of me than I was it. But still, I could get rabies or some other disease if ~~it~~ it bit me. I

gave myself a pep talk saying things like "Don't be nervous", "You can do it" and "I know you can do it" It was now Man vs. Nature. The squirrel was now my mortal enemy.

Lesson Five: Don't make stupid plans that you know won't work. I slowly started to take away the figure Knick Knacks in the front. But every time the squirrel would move I'd spazz out like a hysterical 14 year old girl* before jumping into a ninja stance. I also found myself making these yelping/retarded moaning sounds that I imagine Jodie Foster must have made in that movie Nell, where she plays a mute who invents her own language./I don't really know, I never saw the movie/. Or maybe I was just



trying to get inside the squirrel's head by returning its primitive grunts...No, that's probably not it. About this time I got real pissed off so I just stuck the broom in and started whacking it around and breaking things/I figured I'd blame it on the squirrel, along with the urine stain it left/

Lesson Six: It's a little known fact that squirrels are fast and very acrobatic. So all of a sudden, it jumps out onto the table and I freak out like an Arab on Radar show. It darts upstairs. It was then I realized I had left my door open while putting on my safety gear. So, I throw my modified broom at the door, it proceeds down the hallway, realizing it's a dead end. So I'm in front of my door in battle stance when I let out a ferocious roar. IT skimps past me, down the stairs, and out the door! I run around the house celebrating and doing Funk, Jazz Fusion inspired dances. I close all the doors as my neighbors stare at me.

* see next issues installment of Guide to Better Living-How to be a 14 year old girl.

Credits



All photography, writing, layout, delays, anuerisms, and til 4 am before printing by me/Mark!/ except-

Cover design by Ray Brazee /left/. I knew I had no choice, when Ray asked to do the cover. I mean I've seen the stuff he did as a child/see drawing, next page/, by now he must be amazing. Back then, in elementary school, he was drawing Super Pig, which was a pig who could turn into a skateboard, had a mohawk, and ate spit. I Ray's drawings he wouldⁿ declare" WE kill for good" and the halfpipes would have "To hellwith you"

written on them as well as skeletons bleeding puddles from the eyes. It was about this time in Ray's life his neighbor came over one day to tell his mother her son was taking a shit on the sidewalk in front of their house. Just Amazing! Conceptual sidewalk art at that age! When Ray isn't drawing, he's lifting weights and taking steroids /the steroids are for a problem he has, his stomach lining is allergic to itself and he has to take 20 pills a day or continuously run to the john/ Ray also enjoys singing in the band Systemic Infection.

Matt wrote the piece on the origins of racism. Speaking of shit and bands. Matt says potassium makes him go after a bout of constipation. And he

used to be in the Young Republicans. At the first and only shoe a bunch of us dressed in ties, and suits, and sweater vests and complained "What is this slop, I came here for a frank discussion on the benefits of Reaganomics. This is a young republicans of America meeting, right?" Then when the pit was on, I sternly warned people that it was a basement show and if someone got hurt that they could sue and the home insurance doesn't cover that. Instead we all tumbled. Well half of us did cartwheels and somersaults. People were kicked in the head and upside down bodychecked, somewhere in all of this, Matt lost his pants and fell into the drum kit. Good times...good times.



Gary Ward, 16, died Dec. 26, 1977. He had shown a fascination with TV star Freddie Prinze's death. He shot himself after finding out he needed to have his arm broken and reset.

NEXT ISSUE/
a little from column
A, a little from
column B

empty space
is
neat!

tricky dick

DISCOGRAPHY cd



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The End